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ADDITIONAL WORDS TO "MARYLAND."

[AS SUNG BY THE MARYLAND VOLUNTEERS IN THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.]

*Respectfully Inscribed to COL. JANIFER, the brave and gallant Hero
of Leesburg.*

BY MRS. CORNELIA J. M. JORDAN.

Bride of the noble Chesapeake
Maryland, sweet Maryland,
What means the blush upon thy cheek?
Maryland, sweet Maryland.
Alas! with base, ignoble power,
The Tyrant smites Columbia's flower,
And o'er thee clouds and darkness lower,
Maryland, sweet Maryland

Thy harp is on the willows hung,
Maryland, sad Maryland;
And Falsehood seeks to chain thy tongue,
Maryland, sad Maryland;
But Truth will yet thy wrongs reveal,
And human hearts that truth will seal.
Mid clang of arms and clash of steel,
Maryland, sad Maryland.

Thou wilt not own the Oppressor's might,
Maryland, bold Maryland.
Thou'lt spurn his hold and dare the right,
Maryland, bold Maryland!
What though awhile in base control,
His triumph car upon thee roll,
He cannot manacle the soul,
Maryland, bold Maryland.

The blood of all thy martyred slain,
Maryland, brave Maryland,
Shall surely not cry out in vain.
Maryland brave Maryland!
Hark! from the Dungeon's loathsome wall,
Thy noble sons in bondage call—
How, shall their sinother'd cry be all?
Maryland, brave Maryland.

No, no, then it be no lowering slave,
Maryland, proud Maryland,
While beat for thee warm hearts and brave,
Maryland, proud Maryland.
Thou wilt not vandal trust afford,
While thousands wait thy beekoning word,
And Janifer can wield a sword,
Maryland, proud Maryland.

Oh, lift again thy queenly brow,
Maryland, bright Maryland,
Though with the ed garlands crown thee now,
Maryland, bright Maryland.
That forehead fair so dimmed and searred,
Will yet shine bright and Glory-starred,
To meet the conquering Beuregard,
Maryland, bright Maryland.

We will not say farewell to thee,
Maryland, dear Maryland,
A faithful mother thou wilt be,
Maryland, dear Maryland.
We only ask that hand in hand,
With Old Virginia thou wilt stand,
And spurn the invader's hireling band,
Maryland, dear Maryland.

Blessings upon thy noble head,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Thine altars are not dead,
Maryland, my Maryland.
There is a God who rules the free,
Who bursts the chains of tyranny,
Whose arm will yet deliver thee,
Maryland, my Maryland.

1716

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